THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 26, 1808.

NEW VOLCANO AT ST. GEORGE's.

A Letter from John B. Dabney, Esq. Consul of the United States of America, to a Friend at St. Michael's.

FAYAL, (Azores), June 25, 1808.

DEAR SIR,

A Phenomenon has occurred here not unusual in former ages, but of which there has been no example of late years; it was well calculated to inspire terror, and has been attended with the destruction of lives and property.

On Sunday, the 1st of May, at one P. M. walking in the balcony of my house at St. Anthonio, I heard noises like the report of heavy cannon at a distance, and concluded there was some sea engagement in the vicinity of the island. But soon after, casting my eyes towards the island of St. George's, ten leagues distant, I perceived a dense column of smoke rising to an immense height; it was soon judged that a volcano had burst out about the centre of that island, and this was rendered certain when night came on, the fire exhibiting an awful appearance. Being desirous of viewing this wonderful exertion of nature, I embarked on the 3d of May, accompanied by the British consul, and ten other gentlemen, for St. George's; we ran over in five hours, and arrived at Vellas, the principal town, at eleven A. M. We found the poor inhabitants perfectly panic struck, and wholly given up to religious ceremonies and devotion.

We learned that the fire of the 1st of May had broken out in a ditch, in the midst of fertile pastures, three leagues S. E. of Vellas, and had immediately formed a crater, in size about twenty-four acres. In two days it had thrown out cinders, or

small pumice stones, that a strong N. E. wind had propelled southerly; and which, independent of the mass accumulated round the crater, had covered the earth from one foot to four feet in depth, half a league in width, and three leagues in length; then passing the channel five leagues, had done some injury to the east point of Pico. The fire of this large crater had nearly subsided, but in the evening preceding our arrival, another small crater had opened, one league north of the large one, and only two leagues from Vellas.

After taking some refreshment, we visited the second crater; the sulphureous smoke of which, driven southerly, rendered it impracticable to attempt approaching the large one. When we came within a mile of the crater, we found the earth rent in every direction, and, as we approached nearer, some of the chasms were six feet wide; by leaping over some of these chasms, and making windings to avoid the larger ones, we at length arrived within two hundred yards of the spot; and saw it, in the middle of a pasture, distinctly, at intervals, when the thick smoke which swept the earth lighted up a little. The mouth of it was only about fifty yards in circumference; the fire seemed struggling for vent; the force with which a pale blue flame issued forth, resembled a powerful steam engine, multiplied a hundred fold; the noise was deafening; the earth where we stood had a tremulous motion, the whole island seemed convulsed, horrid bellowings were occasionally heard from the bowels of the earth, and earthquakes were frequent.

After remaining here about ten minutes we returned to town; the inhabitants had mostly quitted their houses, and remained in the open air, or under tents. We passed the night at Vellas, and the next morning went by water to Ursulina, a small sea-port town, two leagues south of Vellas, and viewed that part of the country covered with the cinders before-mentioned, and which has turned the most valuable vineyards in the island into a frightful desert.

On the same day, (the 4th of May) we returned to Fayal, and on the 5th and succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanos broke out in the fields we had traversed on the 3d, from the chasms before described, and threw out a quantity of lava, which travelled on slowly towards Vellas. The fire of those small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running about the 11th of May; on which day the large volcano, that had lain dormant for nine days, burst forth again like a roaring lion, with horrid belchings, distinctly heard at twelve leagues distance, throwing up prodigious large stones, and an immense quantity of lava, illuminating at night the whole island. This continued with tremendous force, until the 5th of June, exhibiting the awful yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire, (distinctly seen from Fayal,) running into the sea. On

that

that day, (the 5th), we experienced that its force began to fail, and, in a few days after, it ceased entirely. The distance of the crater from the sea is about four miles, and its elevation about 3500 feet.

The lava inundated and swept away the town of Ursilana, and country-houses and cottages adjacent, as well as the farm-houses, throughout its course. It, as usual, gave timely notice of its approach, and most of the inhabitants fled; some few, however, remained in the vicinity of it too long, endeavouring to save their furniture and effects, and were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, took off not only their skin but their flesh. About sixty persons were thus miserably scalded, some of whom died on the spot, or in a few days after. Numbers of cattle shared the same fate. The judge and principal inhabitants left the island very early. The consternation and anxiety were for some days so great among the people, that even their domestic concerns were abandoned, and, amidst plenty, they were in danger of starving. Supplies of ready-baked bread were sent from hence to their relief, and large boats were sent to bring away the inhabitants, who had lost their dwellings. In short, the island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, is nearly ruined, and a scene of greater desolation and distress has seldom been witnessed in any country.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 53.

Miss Fanny Fashion to the Editor.

"——— "*Death!* Oh name it not!
'Tis a soul-sickening sound, that banishes
All pleasurable feelings."

Sir,

'TIS monstrously provoking that you will persist in inserting the letters of that dismal, canting fellow, Eugenio. I'm sure, if you knew what a damp they throw on one's spirits, and how much they disgust and terrify us, you would never more take notice of him. Let me ask you, Sir, what possible end can it answer to be always thinking of death? Heaven knows, the time passes away heavily enough without any such disagreeable ideas. Besides, Sir, every sensible, and well-bred person will allow, that such conduct is highly indecorous and unpolite; nay, Eugenio himself must be thoroughly conscious that the sound of *death* is as bad as the toll of a bell. Even the Romans, who might be very learned for aught I

know, yet could not have been so fashionable and genteel as we are—even *they* had good sense enough to discover that *death* was a very disagreeable word; for which reason, when they wrote an inscription for a tomb-stone, they took especial care to avoid saying, that "such a person had *died*," and therefore said that "such a person *had lived*."

I could wish to enlarge on this subject, but on perusing what I have already written, that melancholy word (which I am resolved not to mention again) occurs so often, that I shall be dismally low, and unfit for any thing 'till the arrival of my card-party.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader,
X. F. FASHION.

MR. EDITOR,

"A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour
This morn; and dreams, they say, are then divine."
DRYDEN.

So very uncommon are my dreams in general, that I long thought of committing the whole of them to paper, but when I attempted to put my resolution into practice, the task appeared so excessively irksome, that I was obliged to decline it. To convince you how whimsical Madam Fancy is apt to be, and with what tyranny she occasionally sways over reason, I will briefly relate the particulars of a dream I have just had in my favourite arm-chair.

Methought I was a short distance from a large city, amusing myself by counting the number of its gates, towers, and fortifications, when all of a sudden I saw running from its chief entrance a beautiful young woman. Her cheeks were suffused with deep blushes, over which flowed a copious shower of tears, like the dews of heaven on the rose of June. Close at her heels followed an immense crowd of females, who vented their rage on the poor fugitive without mercy; and what appeared to me singularly ridiculous, their implements of warfare were *flannel petticoats*, which in the warmth of their zeal they had taken off for the purpose of battle. Some, indeed, not content with a single weapon, even tore the coverings from their bosoms, and cut off the sleeves of their gowns up to the very shoulder. The persecuted damsel, having received many severe blows, made the best of her way to a neighbouring village, where (sorrowful to relate) she met with no better treatment; the country-girls joined the town-girls, and the death of the unfortunate lady seemed inevitable, when, in an instant, she was metamorphosed into an angel, and stretching her silvery

wings

wings soared out of the reach of insult. In the height of my astonishment, I fell on my knees in the attitude of adoration, when the celestial being hovered over me, and exclaimed, in a voice of pathetic sweetness, "My name is MODESTY!! Arise, and be my champion." She said no more; but plucking a feather from her pinion threw it down to me, and then disappeared above the clouds.

Faith, (thought I,) when my surprise was somewhat moderated, this same feather is but a sorry sort of a weapon in comparison with a petticoat; and so verily I soon found it, for, although I had time to sharpen it like a pen, and dip it into a black liquid, in order to bedaub their flimsy drapery, the Amazonian army instantly surrounded and took me prisoner. A long debate ensued as to the best method of punishing me, the event of which proved that their petticoats were to be stitched together so as to form a blanket, in which my luckless carcase was to be tossed *ad libitum*. No sooner said than done! up I flew after Madam Modesty, and really expected to have joined her in Heaven, but knocking my head against one of the volcanos in the moon, I awaked, in no trivial state of trepidation.

On mentioning this extraordinary dream to a friend of mine, he accused me of falsehood—declaring that it was nothing more or less than a waking composition—a downright satire on the female fashionables of the present day; but I surely need not attempt to convince you to the contrary. If, however, it may be construed as such, and it is at all likely to work a reformation on our modern *Eves*, I shall not care two-pence what my friends *term* it. I love the whole of the fair sex with fraternal affection, and have invariably preferred their company to every other; if, therefore, by correcting their foibles, I render them more agreeable to their admirers, a fig for a few tosses in a blanket!!

Mr. Editor,
Your most devoted,

X.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

1.

I knew thee once, and knew thee well,
And fain would know thee better still;
Oh, tell me, whither dost thou dwell,
Sweet *peace of mind?*
Where shall I view thy sacred seat?
Is it amongst the rich and great,
Or in seclusion's calm retreat?
Oh let me find.

2.

2.

I knew thee once—ere *love* possess'd
Sole empire of my throbbing breast,
And robb'd me of the balm of rest—
That gift divine!
But passion spurn'd thy quiet reign,
And snapp'd thy silken bonds in twain,
Since which I've hourly toil'd in vain,
To call thee mine.

3.

In warm pursuit I oft explore
The lordly great and lowly poor,
The peasant's and the prince's door,
Thy smiles to share.
Oh! peace of mind! where'er thou art,
One little ray of hope impart,
Nor wholly yield this wretched heart
To dark despair.

X.

ANTIQUITY *and* USE *of* GOLD CHAINS.

THE earliest mention of wearing this ornament is in the book of Genesis, where Pharoah put a gold chain about the neck of Joseph. To wear a chain of gold was to be the privilege of the fortunate Œdipus, who decyphered the fatal hand-writing upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace, and the king himself, as does the modern sovereign his knights, accordingly so invested Daniel. The decoration of the person has ever, from its importance, in relation to their attraction and influence, been an object of especial concern to women; and in the Song of Solomon, we find their necks ornamented with chains of gold. It was also common in Egypt; and among the Jews, the breast-plate of the high priest was fastened by chains of gold, which I mention only, because some dignity was probably attached to this kind of ligature. Tertullian notes that the "aurum cervicis ornamentum," or gold ornament of the neck, was an ensign of dignity among the Egyptians and Babylonians; and being such, Herodotus does not describe them as parts of the common dress of the latter nation.

Themistocles seeing, after a battle, one of the dead adorned with a gold chain, bid a friend take it, observing, that he was not yet Themistocles; and every school-boy knows, that one of the Torquati family attained that name from a gold chain, which he had taken from a Gaul. These instances are mentioned,

tioned, because they infer the same military distinction as the collars of knighthood. Vegetius mentions that chains of gold were given to soldiers, in reward for their bravery, who were afterwards called Torquati milites; and Augustus gave a fine spirited boy, who had been hurt by a fall in the Trojan game a gold chain; and with the hopes of it, fathers used to stimulate children when about to engage in the military profession. But they were not rewards of the first class, these being the several kinds of crowns. These kinds of chains were, doubtless, different from the small ones worn by men and women, which Montfaucon has engraved from the Brandenburgh cabinet, and which were common ornaments.

Notice has been before taken of the use of the gold chain among the early Gauls. Boadicea, says Sammes, upon the authority of Dion Cassius, and Stowe, upon that of Pontius Verunnius, wore a gold chain. Edgar, in his funeral eulogy, is described, as the donor of gold chains to his nobles; and Edelfieda, the lady of Duke Brithnod, bestowed that ornament and a curtain worked with the acts of her husband, upon the church of Ely. It was one of the chief insignia of the Anglo-Saxon general.

From being, at first, a limited and privileged ornament, the gold chains descended to the nobility and superior orders, as common designations of rank. Various instances appear in old wills in Collins's Peerage, but it may be sufficient to give two instances from a less familiar source. "Maurice, Lord Berkeley, who died in 1523, left behind him a chayne of gold, with a cross, containing three hundred and twenty-four linkes, and a hooke of gold, and Thomas, his successor, left by will a chayne of gold to Frances, his son Maurice's wife." At this time they were very common; stewards in great men's houses, wore them, as did others of the domestics.

So Strutt; but Mr. Steevens says that stewards wore them out of distinction from other servants. Justices of the peace used them, and the same author adds, an agate appended to them, or worn in a ring. In a manuscript history of Bristol, in the possession of the writer of this essay, it is noted of the visit of Ann, queen of James the First, to that city, that the mayor "went on foot next to the coach, bareheaded, with the chain of gold about his neck; and that the queen gave him a gold ring set with diamonds, worth sixty pounds, the which he weareth with a chain of gold about his bosom," in remembrance of the queen.

It is now one of the ornaments, which from long antiquity has been appropriated to mayors and sheriffs in large cities; but great changes have ensued: the mayor anciently carried the mace himself, and the sheriffs, white rods, as those of counties do now at the assizes. At London, too, and proba-

bly elsewhere, has disappeared the sheriff's post, or pillars, in front of his house, for the purpose of affixing royal proclamations, &c. nor do they keep fools, as did other persons of moment.

The Law respecting Duelling, as stated by the Judge who tried Major Campbell for the Murder of Captain Boyd, at the late Assizes, at Armagh, in Ireland.

IT has been very properly stated to you by the counsel for the prosecution, that the illegal killing a man, by the law of England, must fall within one of the three species—homicide, manslaughter, or murder; and that with homicide you had nothing to do, as the case before you was clearly neither chance-medley, self-defence, nor any kind of justifiable homicide. The case, then, must either be manslaughter or murder. Manslaughter is the illegal killing a man under the strong impulse of natural passion. Three qualities are necessary to constitute it. In the first place, the passion must be natural; that is to say, such as is natural to human infirmity under the provocation given; secondly, the act must be such as the passion naturally, and according to the ordinary course of human actions, would impel; and thirdly, and indeed mainly, the criminal act must be committed in the actual moment of the passion, *flagrante animo*, as it is termed, and before the mind has time to cool. The act of killing, under such circumstances, is manslaughter. But if any of these circumstances are wanting; if the passion be beyond the provocation—beyond what the provocation should naturally and ordinarily produce; if the act be beyond the passion—beyond what the passion would naturally and ordinarily impel, or if it be not committed in the very moment of the passion, and before the passion either has or should have passed away—in all such cases the act of criminal killing is not manslaughter, but murder.

Now to apply this to the present case. The provocation, as stated by the evidence, consisted in the words, "Do you say I am wrong?" "Yes, I do;" and the manner in which those words were said. It remains for you, therefore, gentlemen, to consider whether such a provocation was sufficient to constitute that passion, which, under the interpretation of the law, would render the prisoner at the bar guilty of manslaughter only; or whether the consequent passion was not above the provocation, and therefore that the prisoner is guilty of murder. You will consider this coolly in your own judgments, and will remember upon this point the evidence that has been given; that the words were certainly offensively spoken, but

that it was in the heat of argument, and that, by a candid explanation, as the evidence expressed it, the affair might not have occurred.

You will next have to consider, whether the criminal act was committed in the moment, the actual moment of the passion; or whether the prisoner had time to cool, and to return to the use of his reason. Upon this point, you must keep your attention more particularly fixed on that part of the evidence which goes to state, that Major Campbell returned home, took his tea, and executed some domestic arrangements, after the words, and before the meeting. If you are of opinion, either that the provocation, which I have mentioned to you, and which you collect from the evidence, was too slight to excite that violence of passion, which the law requires for manslaughter; or that, be the passion and provocation what it might, still that the prisoner had time to cool, and to return to his reason—in either of these cases, you are bound upon your oaths to find the prisoner guilty of murder.

There is still another point for your serious consideration It has been correctly stated to you by the counsel, that there is such a thing which is called the point of honour, a principle totally false in itself, and unrecognized both by law and morality; but which, from its practical importance, and the mischief attending any disregard of it to the individual concerned, and particularly to a military individual, has usually been taken into consideration by juries, and admitted as a kind of extenuation. But in all such cases, gentlemen of the jury, there have been, and there must be, certain grounds for such indulgent consideration—such departure from the letter and spirit of the law. In the first place, the provocation must be great; in the second place, there must be a perfect fair dealing, the contract to oppose life to life must be perfect on both sides, the consent of both must be full, neither of them must be forced into the field; and thirdly, there must be something of a necessity, a compulsion, to give and take the meeting; the consequence of refusing it being the loss of reputation, and there being no means of honourable reconciliation left.

Let me not be mistaken on this serious point. I am not justifying duelling; I am only stating those circumstances of extenuation which are the only grounds that can justify a jury in dispensing with the letter of the law. You have to consider, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, whether this case has these circumstances of extenuation. You must here recall to your minds the words of the deceased Captain Boyd—"You have hurried me—I wanted you to wait, and have friends—Campbell, you are a bad man." These words are very important, and if you deem them sufficiently proved, they certainly do away all extenuation. If you think them proved, the prisoner is

most clearly guilty of murder; the deceased will then have been hurried into the field; the contract of opposing life to life could not have been perfect.

DESCRIPTION OF MACAO.

BY AN OFFICER.

ON approaching the city of Macao, it has a very handsome appearance from the sea, the houses and streets being well built, regular, and the former (as is the Portuguese custom) perfectly white. The land on each side is craggy, with forts, churches, and monasteries, erected on the different eminences.

That part of the island of Macao where the Portuguese are allowed to reside, is a peninsula, separated from the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus, across the middle of which the Chinese have thrown a wall, called the Boundary. In the centre of this wall is a gate, a guard-house, and a party of Chinese soldiers, to prevent the smallest communication.

The peninsula itself is composed of two rugged hills, joined together by a low neck of land, on which the city of Macao is built extending from shore to shore. Thus situated it is capable of being well defended by the craggy heights on each side; but the Portuguese have taken little advantage of this circumstance; and indeed so badly is it fortified, that it is supposed five or six hundred men, with a ship or two of war, would take the place with great ease.

The city is very populous; but the Chinese far exceed the number of the Portuguese inhabitants, who are here, as in most of their Indian settlements, a very degenerated race! marrying and blending with the natives, 'till the shade of distinction is completely obliterated! This is not the case with the English (except in a very trifling degree); who on that account preserve and support the superiority of their character, in the eyes of those nations of colour, where they form establishments.

Though this is called a Portuguese settlement, yet so much are they at the mercy, and under the controul, of the Chinese, that the latter will not permit them to have more than a few weeks provisions on the island at one time; nor could the Portuguese procure the smallest supply from any of the neighbouring isles, without leave from the viceroy of Canton! in fact, they are little better than the vassals of the mandarins, who must be consulted on so trifling an occasion as that of sending off a few refreshments of fruits to a ship in the roads! Here the English supercargoes reside from March 'till October, during which interval we have no commerce going on at Canton. On the top of one of those craggy hills, and commanding

manding a very extensive picturesque view, is Camoen's Cave, where they say that celebrated navigator and poet used to sit and meditate, when writing the Lusiad. Adjoining this, is the chief supercargo's garden; in which are several beautiful and romantic spots, well worth visiting.

A tolerably good road is formed from the city round the western side of the peninsula, by the Boundary, and back along the eastern to the opposite side of the city.

This is a very pleasant ride mornings and evenings; the horses at Macao being small and sure-footed; but strangers ought to be very cautious as the Chinese guards at the Boundary always endeavour to inveigle Europeans inside the gate, when they instantly secure them, and make them pay enormous sums before they release them; and even then frequently bambooing them, by way of impressing it on their memories!

The Chinese seem to hold the Portuguese character in very little estimation; as the following circumstance, which happened some years since, will set in a clear point of view.

It is well known, that the "lex talionis," or the law of life for life, prevails in China; and it unfortunately happened that in an affray between some Portuguese and Chinese soldiers, one of the latter was killed. A dispatch being sent off to the viceroy of Canton, a council was held, and the circumstances having been taken into consideration, it was determined that two Portuguese should be demanded, and their lives sacrificed as an equivalent for the life of one China man! To the honour of the Portuguese governor, however, he obstinately resisted the demand; and would not even give up the man who committed the murder, but ordered him to be publicly shot by his own countrymen, before the eyes of the Chinese, who by these means were appeased, and the affair dropped.

While we lay here an English boat's crew happened to land on the Chinese side of the Boundary, and were immediately imprisoned; the sum of two or three thousand dollars being demanded for their enlargement. The Caroline was therefore moved down abreast of Macao, and a message sent to the Portuguese governor, who applied to the mandarin for the release of the English, but without effect, as they expected a considerable ransom.

A message was therefore sent to the mandarin in the name of his Britannic majesty, demanding the instant release of his majesty's subjects, with an intimation, that if this lawful demand was not directly complied with, force would be used to compel him to it; but Fukki, though he had no small itching for the dollars, was not at all inclined to risk a broadside from the tars of Old England on their account; and therefore the men were given up the moment he received this message.

The Typa, (a safe harbour, where Commodore Anson hove down the old Centurion) lies between two islands about four miles from Macao; and here the Dedaigneuse frigate lay, all the time we were in China, without experiencing the least degree of sickness; whereas the Caroline and Grampus had half their men laid up with agues, fevers, and fluxes, at Lintin and Anson's bay.

The Athenian, of 64 guns, which ship arrived in China early in January, 1805, suffered still more from sickness than we did. Macao roads are therefore much healthier than any of the anchorages farther up the river, which indeed is generally the case in all rivers of hot countries.

Macao road, however, is objected to on account of its openness, should a gale of wind take place; but during the months of October, November, and December, we did not experience any weather that could damage a vessel lying in these roads; and had we continued here, instead of higher up, I am convinced we should have evaded great part of the sickness and mortality that prevailed on board.

Macao is the only European-looking city we had yet seen in India or China; for the Portuguese, contrary to the practice of most other European settlers in hot countries, make very little difference in the construction of their houses, whether on the banks of the Ganges or the Tagus; whereas the people of other nations in general, but the English in particular, leave no means unemployed to obviate the effects of climate, by constructing their habitations in the most airy manner imaginable.

The trade of this place seems now reduced to a mere shadow; the principal branch being that of smuggling opium ashore here, which is afterwards privately sold to the Chinese, at a great price; as these people have of late got exceedingly fond of this drug, which they smoke and chew clandestinely, the use of it being strictly prohibited by government.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A Poor weaver, who has a wife and several small children, and resides at Bolton-le-Moor, in Lancashire, has lately come to an estate of upwards of 4000l. a year. He has obtained it from a very wealthy uncle, who had not seen him for a great number of years. It appears that the uncle did not forget his poor relation while living, for he wrote a number of letters to him, which did not come to hand, and it is suspected they were intercepted by a designing servant. The uncle, however, left a will, bequeathing the estate to his nephew, the poor weaver, provided he claimed it within six months after his

his death; and, in case of his failing to claim it within that time, the estate to go to the servant, who is suspected of having intercepted the letters. The will being of a novel nature, it became the subject of conversation; and it so happened, that two travellers at an inn in Bolton were conversing upon the subject at the time the poor weaver was in the house, and within hearing of their conversation; and he knowing that he had a rich uncle, although he knew not where to find him, soon learned that the deceased person was his uncle, and had left him the estate; he in consequence communicated the circumstance to some friends, who undertook to see into the business, and he proved to be just within the time limited in the will to put in his claim.

After some correspondence and exertions by his friends, a letter arrived, announcing the glad tidings that his claim was fully allowed; neither he or his wife being able to read writing, the man who was in the habit of reading their letters attended, in great form, and told them it was rare good news at last; on their hearing the contents, the wife at the time was washing some plates in an old kettle; she, in great raptures, threw down the dish-cloth and exclaimed, she would neither wash platters or dishes any more as long as she lived, and communicated the welcome intelligence to her poor neighbours, to whom they have continued ever since to give entertainments three times a-week.

They continue to live in their humble cottage, have employed a tutor and tutoress for themselves, and sent some of the children to boarding school. He is one of the Bolton voluntcers, and has been requested to become an officer, but has declined it. He proves to possess gratitude, which is highly to be commended and applauded; several persons have applied to become his steward, but, regardless of all applications and recommendations, he has appointed a person, voluntarily, who relieved him and his family when they were in distress.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Verification of the old Proverb, that "A Cat has nine Lives."

THE following most extraordinary circumstance, respecting a cat, occurred early in the present month, in the family of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Holsworthy, Devon:—

A servant was ordered to put an end to the existence of the animal; he accordingly hung it, and it remained suspended by its neck for the space of a quarter of an hour; after which

it

it was cut down, thrown into a hedge-ditch, and large stones were thrown on its head, in order the more effectually to destroy it. The animal remained there, dead to all appearance, for the space of twenty-four hours after, and probably longer, for it was then seen by the person who attempted to destroy it, lying in the same position, and without any signs of life, as when he first left it. The animal the next day at noon (fifty two hours after it had been hung) came back to the house, and is now apparently as well as ever. This supports the old proverb, that " a cat has nine lives."

Picture of the Penurious Gaston St. Clere, and his Time-eaten Steward.

[From Strutt's Queenhoo-Hall, a Romance.]

IT was somewhat turned of noon when we arrived at Gay Bowers, where I was surprised by the sight of a stately manor running hastily to ruins. The grass was growing upon the top of the walls, and part of them were already fallen into the surrounding moat. The outer court wore the appearance of the entrance to a desolated cavern, rather than the approach to the dwelling of a person of wealth. The casements of the house were most of them broken, and in many places patched with boards, to supply the want of glass. In short, every part of the edifice indicated the miserable disposition of its owner.

The steward, who attended in the hall, and acted also in the place of a porter, was habited in the fashion of the last century. The embroidery upon his tunic, and the badge of the Saint Cleres, which was wrought upon the front, appeared so imperfectly, that it could not readily be distinguished; and the tunic itself, which formerly had been blue, was so tattered and patched, and covered with grease, that the pristine colour was nearly obliterated. His person was as remarkable as his dress; a tall, meagre figure, with a few locks of hair upon the back part of his head, and those perfectly white; his visage was long, his eyes sunk deeply into the sockets, and his cheek-bones high and prominent. I thought, in sooth, he resembled an inhabitant of the charnel house, rather than an animated being. With a low and hollow voice, affecting at the same time great solemnity, he enquired who I was, and what brought me thither. I told him it was my wish to speak with the Baron Saint Clere upon some business of great importance. He then desired me to wait in the hall, and stalked away with much gravity, through a passage which led to the interior part of the mansion, and took no notice of my companion, who seemed somewhat hurt upon the occasion, and said, " This walking anatomy,

anatomy, I trow, does not remember me here; but, in good sooth, he knows me passing well, when he takes a horn of ale or two with me at Baddow; aye, and finds my house as readily as my pullets finds their roosts." I could not help smiling at the good dame's observation, but made no reply.

"During the absence of the steward, which was somewhat prolonged, I cast my eyes over the furniture of the hall; and here an equal appearance of wretchedness displayed itself, with that so strikingly obvious upon the outside of the mansion. The hangings of stately tapestry were torn in an hundred places, and through the lacerations exposed the naked walls. The suits of armour, which had anciently belonged to the heroes of the family of Saint Clere, celebrated for their valour in the holy wars, were covered with dust, and falling away piece-meal from their stands. The seat of state was stripped of all its ornaments; the hawk's perches were broken down, and cobwebs concealed the carvings, with other rich embellishments of the roof, from the eye of the spectator. Here hospitality, as I have heard my mother say, delighted once to dwell; but here I found no vestige of her footsteps.

The steward returned, and we were formally ushered to the presence of the lord of this large ruin. I found him to be a diminutive man, crooked in his person, and ill-favoured. His dark brows hung over his eyes like pent-houses; but his eyes themselves were sharp and piercing. He was seated at a table, and several writings lay before him. As we approached, he cast his eyes upon me, and surveyed me with so much earnestness, that he put me to the blush.

Precautions taken by the Christians to avoid the Infection of the Plague.

[From M'Gill's Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia.]

THE precautions used against the plague by Christians are simple and effectual; their houses, that is to say, the best houses in Frank-street, are for many reasons built like little fortresses, and in general extend from the street down to the water side; at each of them there is a strong gate, mostly of iron, to prevent their being set fire to, and within that one toward the street, at the distance of ten feet from it and each other, are two more formed of spars. When the pestilence rages violently, both the outer and inner gates are kept constantly locked, and the master, or some confidential person has the keys. When any one rings at the gate, the door is opened by a cord, and the person is admitted to the first spar gate, through which he communicates the intention of his errand; if he

brings provisions, within the middle gate stands a large tub of water, into which they are thrown from a little door, and are not taken out again until the outer gate is shut; if bread is brought, it must be hot, at which time it cannot communicate infection. Letters and other papers are conveyed on the end of a piece of wood or cane, with a slit in it, and are fumigated with nitre and brimstone. By these means it is almost impossible that the plague should find entrance into the houses, where the inhabitants keep themselves closely confined 'till its rage is spent.

The greatest danger is at the first breaking out of the disease, before they make use of any precautions, for they seldom think of shutting themselves up, until they hear of eight or nine accidents, as they are called, each day.

In case of any member of a family being attacked by the plague, the person so seized is immediately carried to the hospital; the rest of the family sprinkle themselves with vinegar, and are fumigated; they generally leave the house they are in, and inhabit another for forty days.

The hospitals are attended by persons who have had the plague; but it is a mistaken idea that, under these circumstances, they are secure from future infection. Padre Luigi, a humane friar, who has attended one of the hospitals for upwards of thirty years, says, that every time there is the plague in his hospital, his old sores open afresh, though with less virulence; but that a great number of the plague nurses die under as violent attacks of it as if it had seized them for the first time. This worthy Father Luigi says further, that he never found any remedy so effectual as friction with oil, when applied in time, and carefully repeated; he has frequently witnessed its salutary effects.

POPULATION.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IF you can spare a small space at this anxious crisis, I hope you will allow me to make a few remarks on the dread of excessive population, which has lately seized some philosophers, and produced, I must confess, some ingenious treatises. The fear seems to be lest population should exceed the means of support, and it has been asserted that a nation should grow no more men and women than it can feed. Now, Sir, although I cannot think that we have a right to thin nations, as we would thin gooseberry bushes, yet I am disposed to speak a word of comfort to those who are still alarmed at the increasing popu-

lation of this country, and who have proposed plans for diminishing it, which have not met, nor are likely to meet, with public approbation. I have lately discovered so many antidotes to population, fair, legal, and even in the opinion of some, honourable as well as fashionable, that I hope no nation, organised as our's is, will ever be afraid of being too populous, or take it into their heads that they have conquered "death and the grave."

Those medical writers who have been at the pains to write systems, inform us that the human species is liable to so many disorders, that I am surprised there should be a living being on the earth. Dr. Cullen's list of diseases amounts to 150; that of Sauvage to 315; that of Linnæus to 326; that of Vogel to 560; and Sagar, a later writer, contents himself with 351. Cullen's must be evidently too few, because it bears no proportion to any of the others. Let us then strike a kind of balance, and console those who dread excessive population, by informing them that mankind are provided with 355 mortal diseases.

To this 355 diseases, let us add 1000 doctors, which in this country is, I am told, a moderate computation; about 2000 apothecaries and surgeons, and an equal number of quacks, or what is the same, quack medicines, and I flatter myself we shall be enabled to keep our population within very decent bounds. But if all this be not enough, I have still a very handsome reserve in the following articles, all either strictly legal, or strictly honourable and fashionable, namely,

The gin-shop, the lottery, the gaming-table, the third bottle, broken hearts, unbroken horses, and now and then a little war!

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A CALCULATOR.

PROCTORS, TAXORS, *and* SCRUTATORS.

THE election to these offices, in the university of Cambridge, was confined to particular colleges until 1661, when Magdalen, Sidney, and Emanuel, petitioned the king that this privilege might be extended to them, which the king, after some deliberation granted, and sent directions accordingly to the university.

A QUESTION, *by G. Harvey, Jun.*

GIVEN the solidity of a cone = 1608.4992, and the ratio of a line drawn from its centre of gravity, to the diameter of its base, as 5 : 8.—Required its dimensions.

Answer, by J. Saunders, Exeter, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted July 25.

THE SPARROW-HAWK doth smaller birds annoy,
And unfledg'd offsprings in their nests destroy.

*** Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, and T. Kite, of Chard; Typographus, J. Treadwin, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Melhuish, W. D. Champion, and John Trood, of Bridgewater; W. Petherick; Hester Easter, Poole; S. Duck, and F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. Kent, near Camelford; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; John Salter, of Broadhembury; R. Withall, Plymouth; J. French, of Evershot school; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Woodman's Rebus, inserted August 1.

WHEN, with his scorching beam, bright Sol
Illuminates the day,
The lady takes a PARASOL
To shield her from his ray.

† Similar answers have been received from S. Duck, and Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; R. Loosemore, Tiverton; J. Treadwin, J. Saunders, and Typographus, of Exeter; J. French, of Evershot school; J. W. of Charmouth; T. Kite, Chard; C. Crews, Newton Abbot; Mary Davis, W. D. Champion, J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; and J. Miller, of Exmouth.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Petherick of St. Austell.*

A Brook transpos'd, in scripture found,
Presents an admiral once renown'd.

A REBUS, *by S. Duck, of South Petherton.*

MY first's a liquid of great use,
Which must in transposition shine;
Also a consonant produce
If you aright my next combine.

In wild Arabia's bleak domain,
Where beasts of fierce description dwell,
My noted whole you may obtain,
Ye riddling wits, and so farewell.

A CHARADE, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

TO gallant seamen, as a constant guide,
My first directs them o'er the foaming tide,
Far from old Albion's highly-favour'd isle,
The place where freedom long has deign'd to smile,
Remote from plains where ev'ry cheerful swain,
Pursues my second to augment his gain;
Where he, accustom'd to laborious toil,
Tills and well cultivates the fertile soil;
Whilst he resigns unto his partner dear,
Of things domestic the peculiar care;
Who lives obedient to his just controul,
And with delight performs my curious whole.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HAPPINESS.
TO MARY ANN.

SWEET Mary Anne! whom Venus fair,
With blooming beauty crown'd,
Do you inquire, with heart sincere,
To guard you from the stings of care,
Where happiness is found?

Awhile you may the phantom trace,
Throughout each varied scene;
But Oh! in the precarious chase,
How oft, amidst the human race,
We find it but a dream!

The pleasing dance, the festive song,
New pleasures oft impart;
To which enchanting spells belong,
T' exhilarate the sportive throng,
And captivate the heart!

If fickle fortune deigns to smile
These philtres to maintain,
Such charms indeed may please awhile,
Our fleeting moments to beguile,
But cannot long remain.

For when reflection calls to mind,
How soon these joys will fade,
Pleasure's accustom'd vot'ries find
The scenes which erst appear'd refin'd,
Were merely but a shade.

The greatest blessing here below,
That mortals can possess,
Is sweet content, which can bestow
A heavenly solace to the mind,
And calm the troubled breast.

From hence domestic comforts rise,
To crown our future days;
Possess'd of which each moment flies
Unruffled, like the purest skies,
'Till transient life decays.

Since here no greater bliss is found,
Superior to content,
May you, with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
Sweet Mary Ann with this abound,
'Till all your days are spent!

And as old time, relentless pow'r!
Doth swiftly onward glide,
Thro' life, in each succeeding hour,
May Heav'n its blessings on you pour,
And virtue be your guide!

Tiverton, September 1, 1808. R. LOOSEMORE.

On the Death of Captain Hardinge, of the St. Fiorenzo Frigate, who was killed in an Action with the French Frigate La Piedmontaise, on the 13th of March, 1808, and fell in the Moment of Victory.

IN youth's meridian sun, life's brightest day,
Sunk in the arms of death the hero lay,
Amid the shouts of his victorious crew,
And senseless to the praise, his valour's due;
Inexorable death no palm allows,
To grace the temple of the victor's brows;
Nor his relentless dart, one moment spar'd,
To greet the laurel wreath, by fame prepar'd.
Yet ever honour'd, thy distinguish'd fate
Shall time remember to its latest date!
And if too early clos'd thy bright career,
A nation's grief—more hallow'd by her tear,
(Tho' years had roll'd on fame's propitious tide),
Could not have prov'd thee more thy country's pride.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES ADDRESSED *to a* YOUNG LADY.

SEE, Clelia, see great Sol's refulgent beams
Insensibly decay with summer's bloom;
The feather'd songsters drop their love-taught themes,
And silent sits in dusky autumn's gloom.

Yet comfortless as this rude scene may seem,
No chilling blast shall e'er my love destroy;
That female softness which thy graces beam
Shall tune my voice to songs of heart-felt joy.

Oh! could my tongue my loaded mind explore,
The great delight would ev'ry fear controul;
Oh! I could speak such rapture as before
Was never whisper'd to a virgin soul.

Come then, my Clelia, from the woodlands come,
The sacred vow to plight, and nuptial tie;
With me to dwell, within my Gothic dome,
In mutual love and unanimity.

South Petherton. PHARINAMUS.

SONNET,

OH wave thy magic wand, propitious sleep!
And round my bed thy lovely visions raise
That ardent fancy, while I rest, may gaze
On the bright regions where the pleasures keep
Their nightly court—where minstrel fingers sweep
Love's golden lyre, for then my spirit strays,
Led by the music back to happy days,
When hope, light sailing, skimm'd the treach'rous deep!
Within thy peaceful mirror truly seen,
Life's fairest season renovated glows,
Triumphant youth, and o'er each ill, between
A soft'ning shade, the touch of pity throws.
So round the pilgrim night's grey shadows rise
The distant prospect mingles with the skies.